

# CANADIAN PANORAMA

Poetry by José Tlatelpas (1990-1991)



*A selection from the e-book and audiobook, as published by the poet José Tlatelpas in 1991. In this book the Mexican writer, resident of Canada, writes about the Mexican American, Chicano workers, the wet backs, the Native peoples, First Nations (Pueblos Originarios) and the Afroamericans in Mexico, USA and Canada. He also remember in his poems many of his heroes, among them: Jerónimo, Zapata, Langston Hughes, Malcom X, Lone Wolf, Outerbridge, Bobby Sands, Patrick Henry, José Martí; Victor Hugo, Sandino, Mayakovski, Víctor Jara, etc. These are poems of love, sensuality and political insight where massacres such as Tlatelolco (Mexico, 1968) and Chinese Tienanmen (1989) are all mixed in a panorama of powerful poetry. The artworkk presented here was made by José the poet in 2000.*

## **CANADIAN PANORAMA**

This is the poetry English written of José Tlatelpas during mid 1989, in California, USA and late 89 in British Columbia, Canada. There is an 1990 exception: The “Reflective Chant”.

The originals are in English and there are not Spanish versions of them (January 1990). They were revised by the Canadian poet Tom Allan Mc. Gauley, Ruth Leckie, Sylva Cerna and the Native Canadian educator Lorraine Fox. Thanks to them.

Canadian Panorama is formed with poems about the life and views of Mexican farm workers in South USA, the Native Canadians and their links with more southern people. There is one poem about the Chinese Tienanmen Carnade of the 1989 and some poems of love and desire for immigrating woman from China, Japan, Italy, Hong Kong and Vietnam.

So, it is a social & love collection linked with social minorities in all North American Continent: Mexico, USA and Canada. It shows influences of Black poetry, Mexican native, contemporary Japanese and so on. The music included is by AMÉRICA MESTIZA of Los Angeles, California. A Latin-american music folk group formed by the multimedia artist Xavier Quijas, Jaime Guzmán, Jaime Dueñas y Jorge Quintanilla, musicians from Mexico and Central America.

Tlatelpas is a Mexican poet born in 1953. Some of his published works: *La Huilotita Mañanera* (Eds. Artesanales Delambo, Mex./Peru, 1979); *Del Coyote Cantador* (Eds. Artesanales del Coyote Esquivo, Mex., 1980); *El Chalchihuite de Tlatelpas* (Sawarabi Press, Kyoto, 1981); *Tlahuac* (Seseragui Supansha, Tokyo, 1981); *Antología de la Poesía Proletaria* (Ed. Claves, Mex., 1983); *Poemas Desde el Piso o INBATextos a las Poetisas Fermosas* (Eds. Del Coyote Esquivo, 1985); *Desde los Siglos del Maiz Rebelde* (Palabra al Vuelo, Mex., 1988) and *Por los Caminos de Aztlan* (The Word in The Sky, San Fco. CA, 1989).

The poet is also a painting artist and muralist and have worked the multimedia with other artists. Belongs to the “Maiz Rebelde” cultural group.

The cassette was recorded with the help of the “Los Ríos Profundos” team of Radio Simon Frazer University and the Spanish Studies Student Union of the same University in Vancouver, Canada.

*Mario Ramírez Centeno*



## THE WET BACKS POEM

In half language I begin to walk  
And the faces of the people grow  
It's a dark painting of hidden light  
growing like the tender song of the cornfields  
Ah, the place where the wind is going  
the Sun's destiny

They came from the South, arrived  
in California, their father's land  
The Country of None. They came  
swimming across the river, dreaming  
to fly away from misery, oh yeah  
running away from feet and the closing eyes  
to the pupils of hunger, of no future  
To stay they came, in the night darkness  
they meet eyes with Asian, South and Central American eyes  
All of them carriers of dreams and flesh  
Some of them, I said, came to work, or to escape, y'know  
Some of them to enrich themselves to exploit others  
pursuing or killing dreams or the nucleus of Spring

In the Time's Tunnel all of them are divided, still  
poor and rich, Mexicans and Chicanos  
rich from Asia and poor from Asia  
People made from rice, green tea, golden soy beans  
shining all, darkened by the others  
for those who feared  
to be the rice's or the corn's mankind to be, instead I say  
the Coke mankind, the hamburger profile  
They all came to stay  
And no racial flag is enough for life's performance  
nor transparency

I am Mexican, as Mexican as the guajolote, named turkey here  
Mexican as the chocolatl, el amor and las tunitas  
I am the mojado wet back asking for work  
finding the patrol's kicks in the raids in California  
Oh, yeah, I am the small dark dreaming farmer  
who lives under the trees, oh San Diego hills  
and my face and my heart are like the great and old Mixtecah  
I am, either, the Michoacano of a broad leather belt with Silver  
Silver, the horse, I say

selling ice creams in a beautiful, innocent car  
modestly and foreign, as if a martian selling X33 in California  
I am like him, proud of my three dollars watch  
the limiter and opener of my own time  
the joke of the dollar's dream  
I am the small, intelligent and white Yucateco wet back  
talking about the Mexican origin of Joan Baez, Anthony Quinn  
or Fernando Valenzuela, Julio César Chávez, Tomás Alba (Edison)  
the copyright for color T.V. and the delicious dishes  
of cochinita pibil and the pech, oh man, oh woman, yes  
And I am not that one who is a broker in the mirrors night  
I am not the gangas user of the biggest pistols  
nor the Mexican-American who carries racism against mojados  
crazy, in official uniform like a a bad blond or a bad Asian  
As the black artist Outerbridge said  
"A good man is a good man  
A child is a child  
and the art belongs to God, belongs to the people, breed  
doesn't matter"  
And the crops of the Universe belong to people  
to us, as grandfather said  
"Of white and yellow corn your flesh were made  
the skin of beasts were your only dress  
you were poor, nothing you had  
but your nature was of prodigious men"  
And so we are the farmers of the hope and heaven  
the hard, the tender ones  
we have arrived here behind the frontier  
walking hard, swimming hard, working hard  
to overcome the walls that enclose the soil  
We shall overcome. And we shall win  
the right of work and organize ourselves  
We shall walk the morning with the flying shoes  
that stars made for the mankind of corn  
and we are going to meet eyes with eyes  
with the peoples of the world  
We are going to smash racism  
and fly the journey of the Sun  
We came from the Creation of the white indomitable corn  
the sacred meal  
and the green valleys and the water

We came across the rivers, with no more visa  
than dreams and courage. Ten thousand times we were rejected  
Half a million times were persecuted for no reason  
half a million times we fought the shape  
of legendary honor and won the place

We are the wet backs, los alambres, the sculptors of the soil  
We walk everywhere with the furnishers of the light  
As my grandfather said in Mexican language  
“While life exists on Earth  
the fame and the glory of Mexico Tenochtitlan  
will persist, will remain”

And the journey of the rainbows will last forever  
they can rain from anywhere  
Mexico, Salvador, India, China, Cambodia, Africa

Or if from here, The Great Manitou Greenland, they  
The Builders of the World and All Highways  
all of us, all of them  
The Revivers of The Light  
and the spring profile

*Los Angeles, June 16*

## CANADIAN PANORAMA

I begin to recognize  
the broadest pine's panorama  
the blue colored woods, the welcoming  
rivers.

I found at last the father of my people  
the Coyote Sen-klip, the Brother  
Hawk, the Sister Fox.

I saw the curiosity of the muskrat  
on the banks, the killed fury in the mink surprise.  
I recovered my glance, my heart, my strength  
as did Sen-klip, and found the light.

I came on the steps of ancestors, who came  
here to discover pines, rivers, the bison and gulls,  
to exercise the arrow, the names of the world.  
Brothers & sisters were found, high, there or  
thrown at streets by colonialism, alcohol and drugs  
or high, recovering from a long sleep.

Brothers and sisters of same blood and same history,  
recovering also from a long dream like Coyote's nightmare,  
going again towards the light reaching the new image  
on the Mirrors of the Time.

We cannot feed on TV or commercial movies  
we have to feed the Media  
with our Kanatian Panorama.

Our millenarian hands will carve a new future  
on the ice storm, on the valley, on the newest cities.  
We wake up late but once more we execute the breath still.  
We can remember the old wise Tenochca teachings:  
"Plant trees, plant vegetables. Paint on paper,  
use the colors. Do something. With this  
will be said something about you  
with this  
you'll be true on The Face the Earth."

So we have to make a new honor for the nations.

We found ourselves in this place, 500 years later.

And we meet today with new music and tattoos.  
still alive, still stone shining, still ourselves.

A long sleep. When our eyes were open  
we found Chinese sisters, Hindus, Polish brothers,  
French and Anglos. People born here, as Whitman said:  
"From parents born here, from parents the same".



We found good and bad brothers  
and sisters. So it was from the first  
men & women in this gigantic continent,  
Ixachilankah, Atlantikah, América or whatever.  
We are the oldest here, however,  
of fish and moose, of muscled bison and the deer  
our flesh was made,  
we feed on plants and iced water  
and ate the fruits and vegetables original from here.  
The fur of mink, moose and muskrat were  
our jackets, our hats, our moccasins, our skin.  
We were not avid for gold and silver  
but we are not aliens in this woodland, with  
lakes where the eagles fly  
and loving intercourse between waterfalls and brownish soil.  
Our nature is the unbeatable pride, from the North Pole  
to the South we take our voice & chant.  
Not only sing, but also carve the profile of the times.  
Our glance is deep blue, black blue, ice's blue.

Ten Thousand years ago we were  
the same  
a lot of moons, a lot of suns  
have burnt their fires.  
We should be proud to be natives of the hope,  
to be Runasimi speakers, to be Chontales, to be Cree  
to be Canadian, Peruvian, Mexican or  
living suns of corn or either tuna fish.  
I came by earth to Canada, how immense, beautiful  
is the land of Kanata, how fortunate  
Canadians are.  
I am lying in the garden, near the white necked mountains.  
I feel like a plain shadow  
on the passionate body of a mythological woman,  
woman of soil and grass, strong hearted  
and really gentle or generous.  
Beautiful mother of iced rivers and indomitable transparency  
in the deep root of her diverse childhood.  
Whenever you see the Mountains of Mexico,  
of Peru or Kanata will find the trees  
the Coyote Protector, the Sun and the glance  
like a hidden powerful energy from there  
hidden in the mountain, I said it, the glance of pride.  
The memorial of our people is our present lives.  
We should not lose our heart,  
we, the Tlahuacas, the Tenochcas, the Chichimecah people,  
we, the Incas, the Quechúas, the Runasimi speakers,

we, the Kiowa, the Apaches, the Sioux on horses,  
we, the Salish, the Cree, the iced Inuit.  
We should make clear that the White Brother no longer  
should be believed "the conqueror"  
and White Brother should know, know and recognize  
that we are not and never were the beasts, the slaves  
or the child-minded.  
And so, really brothers and truly sisters we can  
find a new path for all our rivers.  
We designers of the light have to shine  
or the heart of the Sun will be lost and cold.  
I look and look, see the valley,  
the pines, the mountains, the blue eyes of the heaven  
the glance of the Chief on the trembling mountains.  
I open my mouth, how big and beautiful  
Mother of Dark Skin, brown, black, green and blue eyes...  
how strong and wolverine alike the glance of pride  
in the Chief, the Father.  
And the new Chinese sisters, gentle, nice and diligent.  
The Hindu brothers, the French, the English.  
All of them in a challenge to future:  
a new world and a dream fulfilled  
or to sleep again and forever  
sleep.  
In the forest, I listen a brave song of brotherhood.

*Vancouver, September 10*

## REFLECTIVE CHANT

From the uterus of mountains with feathers of white snow  
I just see, live and remember all the journey gone,  
the steps engraved in the picture of the lakes.

In which language should I speak?  
Kootenay? Salish? Cree? Inuit? Tibetan or Chinese?  
Nowadays Spanish, one of my languages, or English,  
one of the languages  
of the place I live, I visit, where I write, just now?  
Or use perhaps, the language, of my own, Nahuatl from Tlahuac,  
the proud and romantic Voice-of-Clear-Speakers?  
I'm not going to take the place of the Elders Council, and teach  
which is wrong and better as a sacred gift.  
I'm too young and unwise by now.  
I am just a warrior, a hunter, a Travel-man, or better,  
The Eagle-Gentleman from the far Tenochtitlan.  
This is the second time I came to this Valley, or Bay.  
Once I came in an iron bird, unable to fly like that One  
who can be on Earth and Heaven,  
The Feathered Serpent,  
Quetzacoatl,  
The Native Wisdom with Sacred Wings.  
Now I came by land, not by feet like The Face of Manitou,  
The White Bison.  
Grandfather told we came from North, from the Seven Caves Place,  
form The Place of White Herons.  
And I came all the journey to find again my face,  
the face of my cousins,  
the configuration of other poets who sing in town.  
How all have changed from the time of legend:  
Serpents without feathers, and dark bisons in Zoo. Herons  
lonely as if thinking was the only thing to do.  
Not far from Utah I found the photo of an old parent, brownish:  
Lone Wolf he was, Kiowa Nation. Same face as my uncle Ricardo,  
same color, same way of speaking, almost.  
Rebel Chief, the banner said, 1872.  
Nobody told me when he died, when the drum  
of his cardiovascular dance took a rest, at least.  
And I remembered the tale of my cousin,  
the cousin of Malacateticpac:  
"Zapata is not dead, is alive, riding his quick horse,  
hidden and unbeaten, on the Mountain Range of the South".  
And I found him, Zapata, Lone Wolf, whatever.  
In Los Angeles, stolen to Mexico, I found merchants trying to sell  
photos, do you see

of Great, Respected Chiefs, The Sacred and Dear ancestors:  
Gerónimo, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud.

I saw in movies, too, a crazy man selling  
Malcom X, and Luther King's photos like San Anthony portraits  
yes, against the Devil, to conjure the Bad.

I have seen from The Navel of The Moon,  
Mexico, my brothers dancing to The Sun,  
I played, then, the caracola.  
It was a mirror, not a show -be sure.

I have seen my brothers, half blood, full blood, imaginary blood  
performing the play of clowns and the lunatics too.

But Grandfather was a wise man and he said

"We are a people of artists, of hunters, of poets.

We are The Warriors of the Heaven, those ones who own  
some but all the folds the heaven has."

If Cuitlahuac (Mexican), Cuauhtemoc (Mexican), Yaga (Zapotec),  
Zapata (Nahuatl), Tupaj Amaru (Quechúa), Gerónimo (Apache),  
Lone Wolf (Kiowa), Sitting Bull (Sioux), Red Cloud (Sioux)  
break The Curtain of The Stars, in the edge of Winter  
And riding their dotted horses open a way into our spirits,  
we should

erase then our tattoos of warriors, or reknown,  
because they was not the same race, not  
of people asking for cents in street, no alcohol destroyed.

No, no and no is the mirror of the face.  
And so in the hunting field of Mexican Nation,  
Kiowa Nation, Sioux Nation,  
and name it Quechúa Nation, Aymará Nation,  
Cree Nation, Salish Nation...  
But I have seen my brothers standing anyway.  
And I sew the words. Will not delete the fact.

This is a native pamphlet, however.

The alienated poets write alienation pamphlets, why can't I  
write my people's pamphlet and write sometimes:

pamphlet 0, pamphlet 2, pamphlet 3 and pamphlet 23?

I have engraved in my heart a light Tattoo with my People.

I have the right to speak in Cuitlahuac, in Cuauhtemoc,  
in Yaga, in Canek (the Maya),

in Gerónimo, in Lone Wolf, in Sitting Bull, in Red Cloud.

I can dance in the woods with Gabriel Dumont, The Cree.

I am not a Honored Chief as they are,

but I have as well The Tattoo of Light.

The All-for-all-tattoo-for-our-people, as they

and we are of the same one nation:  
Bobby Sands, Patrick Henry, Martí;  
Victor Hugo, Mayakovski, Juan, the steel worker of my street,  
Langston Hughes or Víctor Jara, Lorraine  
my friend the teacher, Sandino, Zapata, Kazuyoshi, Joan,  
the old woman of golden-whitish hair in San Francisco  
fighting the police who had beaten a Black Brother,  
and some others  
in the world. All of us are of the same nation,  
and we recognize ourselves  
anywhere in nature's desert or in the desert of the city,  
in any language  
we understand each other  
and love each other, and respect the same.

I am recognized as a poet in my street, in my neighborhood, also  
in my work. I have collar of round jade, as I am poet  
that is my privilege.  
But I have the right to speak not only to the inhabitants of Mictlan  
but also here, in Tlaltipac, on The Face of Earth.  
I am a writer, that is my job.  
I have the work of talking, evoking. I record and analyze,  
I am the Public Notary  
who records and prints what is going around.  
Remember the old poems ("She is The Truth. They are The Bad")!  
Nobody trusts in the magazines, the newspaper, TV.  
And so  
people of the neighborhood, the Union, the school  
talk on the streets with the poet for his point of view:  
Love, fight, reason and hope, desire;  
dream, whatever, we share sometimes with the poet  
because his work is to say and share what all we feel  
and live and think.  
So I think and live and feel.  
And I am yourself an when I say Me I am writing You.  
As a Big International Bison, stay  
and see the boring thousands of pines, the banks. the fresh,  
unused clearance of water, the smell of wild.  
I can write in a word processor, however,  
one hundred years later  
if any  
will be an innocent affair, as those innocent poets,  
100 years ago  
who dared to be so modern striking us  
with scientific images: The Phone! The Telegraph! The Radio!  
Not me, I am an old fashioned, I am one poet of the neighborhood.

And I do not pretend to impress the media.  
My poems of love will be  
on the hands of the grandson of my neighbors.  
And the comment: "This was written for MY grandmother,  
for the poet of neighborhood.  
He did for her, mother said she was all BEAU-TY".  
And my grandson will say:  
"Such was my grandfather! Such the people of the time!".

When I write of this, so far away from my country,  
secluded of official literary anthologies for to be  
instead than poet, "a political nuisance",  
a-common-people-poet, not aristocratic,  
I smile.  
In my office, poor and full, we found:  
the poem for the baby of Alfredo, newly born,  
the poem for the death of the friend of the friend,  
the Tienanmen Carnade,  
the Tlatelolco Genocide, all contemporary history is there,  
all affairs in neighborhood: who loved who, who mistrusted who,  
which was the style of loving of each woman, who was who.  
The words of the people demonstrating, the speeches on the strikes.  
Nobody will say this was a foraging pen,  
and was written nothing that the people  
will not sponsor as their own.  
I smile and smile. Do you remember  
the old fashioned poets with a rose in breast?  
External heart the flower, I say,  
talking in old style in the streets  
of Mexico, Los Angeles, Vancouver?  
Defying with unbelievable moustaches to the snobs?  
They are my friends, I have learnt a lot from them.  
They are also poets of neighborhood, "poets of the street",  
"poets of bus", "poets of the beach",  
"poets in the heart for maybe a life".  
I kind of.  
I smile and I remember the last century poets,  
with a rose and a sword or pistol,  
bringing a Victor Hugo poem in their pockets.  
Fighting for the Good of Earth, with noble souls.  
Risking all, with the heart like flag.  
I would like to be that way.  
Yup, yeah. Ye and averaging "Yes".

And the beautiful people of literary, always hidden,  
always "modest", always arrogant, always "superior",

always limited, always talking of the dead,  
caned in hate and sober ignorance.  
The Poets of The Dead, The Poets of The Books, those who see  
in the screen of their pages the movie of the fire,  
the future, their lone heart.  
And all the world affairs are nothing for their all important  
grieve, desire, falls. And they put a label:  
"This is true sincerity", "Only here. Clearance".  
And how many fools buy their merchandise.  
And when they find the people of neighborhood they say:  
"The Good Savages!, I'll have to descent  
for these good, simple people can understand to me..."  
Oh God-Poets, hairless and wrinkled angels,  
your time is gone!

It is a long speech about the work of the poets of the street.  
It is a grumble, a growing grumble  
for all the oily mock the beautiful  
bookie people have made of them.  
To the desk of the sharpest editor!  
They, the believe-or-not students  
that remain unwise forever.  
Those ones who find us in streets and turn their zooming noses  
(I remember a blond bearded poet of Mexico) and fly.  
Fly to the heights and are lost.  
And are lost. Forever lost.

**CHAPTER NEXT. THE WHY  
PEOPLE BEAT THE SECONDS IN THE PROFILE OF HORIZON.  
REVISED.**

**I**

But I would like to say something about  
for example, Mrs. Eva, the kind sunrise  
gone to the store of blue.  
I miss her. I saw  
her kind smile last time some years ago and felt  
just a coward when mother told me  
"Visit her. She is leaving for the blue."  
My heart recognizes her solicitude and charm  
as a rainbow tune, not finding the absences.  
But I find the smell of flowers in the plastic jar.  
Same of Ken's brother. I felt the bank of blue  
in the singing voice of Sylva, his wife.  
Fresh wind and unsighted horizon.

Why I write of this?  
I lost a couple of children here. Under  
the blanket of snow my heart  
stored a frozen tear and burnt the papers.  
But I know about the shades of the blue.  
And I do not want to say my story.  
In Mexico my people know the shades of the light  
and the music of the void. As well  
as the music of the full.  
This poem can be obtained by the path of xerox,  
irony or joke or convenience.  
The price of making, however, is higher than a stone memorial.  
Pay the price being a deserving people.  
This is fair. And I am not your leader.  
Just a voice in the neighborhood.

## II

Time is going into the pants of some  
the covered images.  
I feel the rounded mountains in the sweater  
or is my desire to float in waves.  
But this is me. Or not.  
Who can define the frontiers, who, between the vegetables,  
the colors or the languages?  
It is January 23, my mind is absent.  
And all the prying of tender woman kisses my sound receivers.  
And I write as a matter of distracting. Or it's my crime?  
My woman comes and give me a present with her smile  
and all the wall is wide, the heaven short.  
I said about the time, Vancouver have a disclosed time.  
Yesterday came the snow to refresh the skins.  
Falling around the scars of fire. Who said the Sun  
wasn't white and coldish?  
Say ha! It is a reflecting iceberg.  
I have in my right hand my woman, in my heart  
a feathered serpent, it means an inherited wisdom  
which can fly, or dream or travel.  
In my left hand I have a tomahawk constructed here.  
Don't ask my why. But I discovered the fact  
while watching my face in my bathroom  
and it helped with Canadian lamp.  
And I went out, to the cold street and said  
to myself a poem, a pushing jingle of the moment  
or just a gulp, or a fancy-snob



gesture of exiled-artist, no, I am not of those  
the exiled clowns who make profit on their forgotten countries.  
To make history you should live the story.  
I want to live my time.  
And how deep the fight for freedom inside the unbearable frontiers.  
A fool discovers my worried eyes. Anguish on the street.  
A yuppie see my worried pupils through his lone window  
and murmures: "A crazy foreigner..."  
But people is anywhere growing. The world is not an alien here  
as is not in Butan, Soviet Union, Mexico  
or Vietnam. Just is another slide, other winter,  
other smell of woman, other crimes anywhere.  
But don't mislead your eyes for the reflecting mirrors.  
But mankind the same. Man-kind, making a Pascal parody:  
"Interpretation have reasons that the mind ignore".  
That's enough. Will come for more.

## **LAST CHAPTER FOR TODAY**

*Vancouver, January 23, 1991*

## **JOSÉ TLATELPAS**

*Writer, poet and painting artist, Tlatelpas was born in Mexico in 1953. Since 1979 he has published more than a dozen books and chapbooks of poetry in Mexico, Japan, USA, and other countries. His work is in several anthologies in Mexico and abroad and has been published in other languages such as Esperanto, German and Chinese.*

*As a specialist in underground publishing he has made available to several important new writers in Mexico. He was the founder of several publishing houses and ventures such as The Coyote Esquivo Handcraft Publications, and advisor to others like The Seseragui Press in Tokyo, The Sawarabi Publications of Kyoto. He was president of the Antiimperialist Coalition of Poets of Latin America, 1981-3, founder and coordinator of the "Maiz Rebelde Cultural Brigade" of the CTACC (Group of Workers of Science Art and Culture in Mexico), also he was one of the founders of the "Coatlicue Cultural Group" in Vancouver, Canada.*

*Tlatelpas's poetry has been linked from its beginnings with the people's way of talking and thinking, with the fine arts and with the publishing and promoting of new artists. His works have been used in mixed media projects by Mexican artists like Alfredo Meneses, Melecio Galván, Hernández Delgadillo, the mixed media artist Mario Ramírez, Luis Y. Aragón, Heraclio and others.*

*He has recorded his poetry in cassettes and records. The last one is Por los Caminos de Aztlan, in 1989. The second edition of this was in Canada, in February 1990. This cassette includes set to music poems by Kyoko Matsumoto and Francisco Fernando. The singing voices are Sae Murakami and K. Matsumoto and the guitar by F. Fernando.*

*His poems also have been written into murals in Mexico, USA and Canada. From January of 1988 the poet began to show his art work, mainly drawings in Chinese ink and brush on rice paper, acrylics on paper, canvas and murals. He painted 14 murals in Mexico, including one in La Casa de la Cultura of Juchitán, Oax., the school Emiliano Zapata in Tlalpan and one in the market De la Merced in Mexico City. In 1989 he painted a portable mural for Miracosta College in San Diego, California, a set for the Performing Group Tatalejos (permanent) in Los Angeles, and other portable one for The America's Workshop of Murals in Oakland, California, as well as a small one for the Chinese community in San Francisco about the Tienanmen massacre of 1989. In September-October of the same year he worked in a collective mural project (an "Arts in Action Society" promotion) with Richard Tetrault, Haruko Okano, Thomas Ansfield, Maurice Spira and Alberto Cerritos in the city of Vancouver.*

*His art work has been exhibited in La Peña de la Vecindad, Gandhi Gallery, The Mexican Hall of Fine Arts (Salón de la Plástica Mexicana), Carrillo Gil Museum and*

*Casa de la Cultura de Juchitán, Oax., etc., in Mexico; in the Taller de las Américas of Oakland city, The CAPP's Street Project in San Francisco, and other places in the Bay area. In September of 1989 he participated in the collective show Fear of Others, curated by Claudine Pomier. In October he produced a solo show in The Native Tutoring Center of British Columbia and in November in the Coffee shop La Quena, all in Vancouver, Canada.*

*In September 1991 he participated in a collective show for "The Mexican Week" and other in November, for "The Day of The Dead", both in The Mission Cultural Center of San Francisco, CA. One of his murals is now in permanent show in Alianza Mexicana offices of San Bruno, California.*

*Some of his published works: La Huilotita Mañanera (Eds. Artesanales Delambo, Mex./Peru, 1979); Del Coyote Cantador (Eds. Artesanales del Coyote Esquivo, Mex., 1980); El Chalchihuite de Tlatelpas (Sawarabi Press, Kyoto, 1981); Tlahuac (Seseragui Supansha, Tokyo, 1981); Antología de la Poesía Proletaria (Ed. Claves, Mex., 1983); Poemas Desde el Piso o IN-BATextos a las Poetisas Fermosas (Eds. Del Coyote Esquivo, Mex., 1985); Desde los Siglos del Maiz Rebelde (Palabra al Vuelo, Mex., 1988) and Por los Caminos de Aztlan (The Word in The Sky, San Fco. CA, 1989).*

Lgpolar Publishing Society ® 1991-2009  
<http://lgpolar.com>